

174 Plate LXXXI represents a portion of a large and very interesting col-
 172 lection made up by M. PAbbé Furet, of Hakodate. The specimens were
 323 obtained from various localities in Yezo and from Awomori, on the main
 island of Japan. It is scarcely within the province of this article to dis-
 cuss this part of the subject at length, particularly since to do so would
 require numerous references to Japanese pottery, and many additional
 illustrations to present the subject clearly. Those who are already ac-
 quainted with ancient Japanese pottery will immediately recognize that
 these specimens are entirely different in form and decoration from any
 found in Japanese graves. Professor Milne states, as a historical fact,
 that the Ainos in the neighborhood of Nemuro "used flint instruments
 and manufactured pottery until late in the last century." The basis of
 this statement seems to be that Mr. Charles Maries saw in the houses
 of Ainos, near Hroidzumi, clay vessels in appearance very like the
 fragments from the shell-heaps, from which he concluded that the
 Ainos at that time still made pots; and further, that a book published
 in the year 1800 gives drawings and descriptions of pots at that time
 manufactured by the Ainos.

The evidence is not quite convincing. Professor Milne thinks the
 Ainos gave up making pottery because they could get it from the
 Japanese. But, as far as my observation goes, they do not use much
 pottery of any kind. Their implements are of wood, and if one occa-
 sionally finds a Japanese tea-set in an Aino house, it will be about the
 extent of their possessions of that kind of ware.

172 The shell-heaps furnish still further evidence of the early occupancy
 [145] of Japan by a race certainly closely related to the Ainos. It is a pecu-
 [266] liarity of the latter that the humerus and the tibia are very much
 flattened or platynemic. Such bones have been found by Professor
 Morse in the shell-heaps, with indications of cannibalism among the
 people.

A Japanese writer has recently published a description of two peculiar
 huts still in existence in Shonai, on the west coast of Japan, which he
 believes may have been erected by the people who made the pottery of
 the kitchen-middens.*

181 If we may judge from the authority of old Japanese writings, and also
 from other evidence, such, for example, as the discovery of indications
 of cannibalism in the shell-heaps by Professor Morse, and the cruel
 modes of punishment brought forward by H. von Siebold, the Ainos
 were once a fierce and warlike people. They are now gentle and
 courteous in manner, and one can scarcely believe that they are de-
 scendants of cruel savages. Only once, while I was alone among them
 on the northeast coast, I had the misfortune to incur the displeasure
 of the chief man of the village, the largest Aino I saw in all my travels.
 I had seen some of his people the day before, and had promised them

* Y. Hashiba. Dwellers in pits still found at Shonai. Bulletin of the Tokyo An-
 thropological Society, III (1898), 152. Printed in Japanese.

THE AINOS OF YEZO, JAPAN.

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some saké in the evening. On returning to my hotel I ordered the saké to be sent to them, but the Japanese neglected to attend to it. Consequently when I went to photograph them the next day, just as I was about to take a picture of two old persons, the chief called out from a distance and my subjects turned away. I induced them to pose once more, when the burly chief came on a run, forcibly threw his offending subjects on either side and turned to me with fire in his eye and some very strong language, no doubt, of which I could not understand one word. I thought he would smash my camera, and he might easily have thrown me into the sea. However, by degrees he cooled down and finally he stood for his own picture in a pose of his own, neither graceful nor elegant. But he came on me like a type of a fierce high-tempered savage, such as I do not care to encounter again.

There is an account of the Ainos of six or seven centuries ago, which tallies well with the supposition that they were once a warlike people. It is from a report of Mr. Henry S. Munroe, and relates to the discovery of gold in Yezo. According to the Japanese tradition, a party of Japanese in the second year of Genkiu went to Yezo and remained there 13 years washing for gold. The account goes on to say: "At this time the Ainos were a very savage and warlike race and gave the gold-washers no little trouble. Finally after a desperate battle, the Ainos became masters of the field, killing the whole party of Japanese with the exception of the priest. * * * The Ainos emboldened by the victory, crossed the straits in large force and made vigorous war on the Japanese."

AINO POPULATION.

In an article published in the Japan "Mail" of January 20, 1888, Mr. John Batchelor has given the following statistics of the Aino population of Yezo for four successive years. His figures are as follows:

Aino population in Yezo.

Year.	Males.	Females.	Total.
1882	8,848	8,632	17,480
1883	8,354	8,506	17,150
1884	8,051	8,776	17,827
1885	7,000	8,063	15,063

The cause of the decrease in 1885 is not explained. It amounts to 1,864 and includes 1,131 males and 713 females. I am disposed to regard it as an error in the returns, not at all impossible in Japanese methods. In the course of my own travels I endeavored to obtain definite information concerning the population, not with the view of learning the total number of Ainos in Yezo, which could only be done by visiting all parts of the island, but for the purpose of enabling future travellers to know where the largest settlements are to be found.

PREFACE.

THIS book is not meant as a literary work, for I am not and do not pretend to be a literary man. It is but a record—an amplified log-book, as it were—of what befell me during my solitary peregrinations in Hokkaido, and a collection of notes and observations which I hope will prove interesting to anthropologists and ethnologists as well as to the general public. 121

Without any claim to infallibility I have tried to take an open-minded and sensible view of everything I have attempted to describe; in most cases, however, I have given facts without passing an opinion at all, and all I have said I have tried to express as simply and plainly as possible, so as not to give rise to misunderstandings.

There are a few points which I want to make quite clear. 114

First, that I went to Hokkaido entirely on my own account and for my own satisfaction. Next, that I accomplished the whole journey (some 4200 miles, out of which 3800 were ridden on horseback and on a rough pack-saddle) perfectly alone. By alone I mean that I had with me no friends, no servants, and no guides. My baggage consisted of next to nothing, so far as articles for my own convenience or comfort were concerned. I carried no provisions and no tent.

I am endowed with a very sensitive nature, and I pride myself in possessing the gift of adaptability to an extreme degree, and this may partly explain why and how I could live so long with and like the Ainu, whose habits and customs, as my readers will see, are somewhat different to ours.

When I go to a country I do my best to be like one of the natives themselves, and, whether they are savage or not, I endeavour to show respect for them and their ideas, and to conform to their customs for the time being. I make up my mind that what is good for them must be good enough for me, and though I have occasionally had to swear at myself 123

PREFACE.

123 for "doing in Ainuland as the Ainu does," especially as regards the food, I was not much the worse for it in the end. I never use force when I can win with kindness, and in my small experience in Hokkaido and other countries I have always found that real savages in their simplicity are most "gentleman-like" people. With few exceptions they are good-natured, dignified, and sensible, and the chances are that if you are fair to them they will be fair to you. Civilised savages and barbarians I always found untrustworthy and dangerous.

131 The Island of Yezo, with the smaller islands near its coast, and the Kurile group, taken together, are called "the Hokkaido." The Hokkaido extends roughly from 41° to 51° latitude north, and between 139° and 157° longitude east of Greenwich.

101 My view of the origin of the word Ainu is this: *Ainu* is but a corruption or abbreviation of *Ai-num*, "they with hair," or "hairy men," or else of *Hain-num*, "come with hair," or "descended hairy." Considering that the Ainu pride themselves above all things on their hairiness, it does not seem improbable to me that this may be the correct origin of the word, and that they called themselves after the distinguishing characteristic of their race.

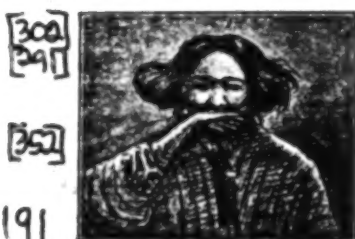
101 The word Ainu is a generic term, and is used both in the singular and plural; but when specifying, the words *Kuru* (people, men), *utaragesh* (woman), etc., are generally added to it: viz., *Ainu kuru*, Ainu people, Ainu men; *Ainu utaragesh*, an Ainu woman; *Ainu utaragesh utara*, several Ainu women.

162 The Ainu population of Yezo is roughly reckoned by the Japanese at about 15,000 or 17,000 souls, but at least half this number are half-castes, and in my opinion (and I have visited nearly every Ainu village in Yezo) the number of thoroughbred Ainu does not exceed 8000 souls.

114 The illustrations in this book are my own, and are the reproductions from sketches which I took on the spot. They may not show much artistic merit, but they seem to me to be characteristic of the country and the people, and I hope that my readers will be impressed with them in the same way.

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.

000 could make out my surroundings clearly enough. There was
 887 an old man, perfectly naked, with a fine head, long white
 1091 hair and beard, sitting on the ground among a mass of sea-
 weeds, which he was disentangling and packing. Two young
 576 women and two young men, with bright, intelligent eyes and
 high cheek-bones, were helping him in his work. In their
 quiet, gentle way they all brought their hands forward, each
 rubbed the palms together, and, lifting the arms, slowly
 stroked their hair, and the men their beard with the backs of
 their hands, while the women rubbed the first finger under
 the nose from the left to the right.



AINU WOMAN SALUTING.

This is their salutation, and it is most graceful. They seemed pleased to see me, and asked me to sit down. As there were neither chairs nor sofas, stools nor cushions, I squatted on the ground.

Most Ainu of Volcano Bay understand Japanese, and they also speak it, interpolating Ainu words when necessary, so I began a con-

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 609 versation. My presence did not seem to disturb them or
 arouse their curiosity, and, beyond gazing at the mother-of-
 pearl buttons on my white coat, they did not appear to be
 struck by me. Evidently the buttons were much more
 interesting to them than the person who wore them. Now
 and then they uttered a few words, but whenever one spoke
 some of the company seemed to be angry, as at an impertinence
 or a breach of etiquette. Men and women wore large ear-rings
 291 or pieces of red or black cloth, which added a great deal to
 301 their picturesqueness; but the women were disfigured by a long
 304 moustache tattooed across the face from ear to ear. Rough
 481 drawings adorn the arms and hands of the women, and some
 of the younger females would undoubtedly be fine-looking if
 not disfigured by the tattoos, for they carry themselves well
 142 when walking, and possess comely features. Judging from
 appearances, I should think them very passionate.

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 291 Coming out of the hut I saw a scene which I shall never
 forget. Two naked boys, covered with horrible skin eruptions,
 had got hold of a large fish-bone, out of which they

L. SKETCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

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were endeavouring to make a meal. Round them were gathered about thirty dogs, wild with hunger, barking furiously at the frightened children, and attacking and fighting them for that miserable repast. 511 [231]

I walked along the beach, and endeavoured to make friends with some of the Ainu who were less shy than the others. One little girl was especially picturesque. She was only about ten, and her large eyes, tanned complexion, white teeth, the tiny bluish-black tattoo on her upper lip, her uncombed long black hair flying around her, and her red cloth ear-rings, made her indeed one of the quaintest studies of colour that I have seen in my life. I got her to sit for me; and while I was painting her, an old man, the chief of the village, dressed up in a gaudy costume, with a crown of willow shavings on his head, came to me and made his "salaams." He bore the name of Angotsuro, and before all his salaams were over he found himself "caught in the action" in my sketch-book. Many of the villagers had collected round, and one of them, a half-caste, expressed the wish that I should paint the chief in colours, like the picture of the girl. I asked for nothing better, and started an oil-sketch of him. The excitement of the natives who were witnessing the operation grew greater and greater as each new ornament in the chief's dress was put in the picture. Some seemed to approve of it, others were grumpy, and apparently objected to the picture being taken at all. The *séance* was indeed a stormy one; and though the chief had his regal crown knocked off his head two or three times by the anti-a-tistic party, he sat well for his likeness, especially as I promised him in Japanese, that when the picture was completed he should be given a few coins and two buttons off my coat. [23] 609 [30A] [201]

It was while portraying him that I noticed what extraordinary effects colours produce on those whose eyes are unaccustomed to them. A man in the crowd would get excited, and open his eyes wide and show his teeth every time I happened to touch with my brush the cobalt blue on my palette. Other colours had not the same effect on him. His eyes were continually fixed on the blue, anxiously waiting for the brush to dip in it, and this would then send him into fits of merriment. I squeezed some blue paint from a tube on. 922 158

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151 to the palm of his hand, and he nearly went off his head with delight. He sprang and jumped and yelled, and then ran some way off, where he squatted on the sand, still in admiration of the blue dab on his hand, still grinning at intervals with irrepressible enjoyment. Where the point of the joke was no one but himself ever knew.

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609 When the picture was finished I had no little trouble to keep the many fingers of my audience off the wet painting. Moreover, some person endowed with kindly feelings threw a handful of sand in my face, which nearly blinded me for the moment and partly ruined the two pictures I had painted. The money and the buttons were duly paid to Angotsuro and I moved on.

000 That same evening I went out for a walk. It was a very dark night, and I love dark nights. When for some years you have done nothing but see strange things and new places there is indeed a great fascination in going about in complete darkness; it rests both your eyes and your brain. I walked for some time along the beach, stumbling against the canoes drawn on shore and against anything that was in my way. Hut after hut was passed, but everything was silent; there was not a sound to be heard, not a light to be seen.

[513] The Ainu are early people; they retire with the sun. I walked on yet farther and farther afield, till through the 533 thatched wall of one of the huts I discerned a faint light. I stood and listened. The sad voice of a man was singing a weird, weird song, the weirdest song I have ever heard. Then came a pause, and another voice, even more plaintive than the first, continued the same air.

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803 What with the strange melody in the hut, the soothing noise of the waves gently breaking on the shingle, and the distant howling of dogs or wolves, the mystic effect was such that I could not resist the temptation, and I crept into the hut. A fire was burning in the centre, but it had almost gone out, leaving a lot of smoke. Three old men were sitting on the ground. They decidedly looked as if they did not expect me, but, after their first astonishment was over, they asked me to squat down in a corner, and there I was left to amuse myself, while they resumed their singing and drinking. Of the latter they seemed to have had enough already; but, all the

1. AINU MODE OF TESTING COURAGE.

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same, several wooden bowls, about five inches in diameter and two deep, were passed round and emptied in no time. The more they drank, the wilder and more melancholy the song became. Only one at a time sang, and he would begin in a very low tone of voice and go up in a *crescendo*, gradually getting awfully excited; then all at once he would stop, as if the effort had been too great for him. His head drooped, and he seemed to sleep. Then, suddenly waking up, coming back to his full senses in a startling manner, he drained one of the bowls, which meantime had been refilled, and resumed the song. The three men were facing each other, and so absorbed were they in their music that, though I was not more than four feet away from them, they seemed to have forgotten me altogether.

I was so impressed with the strangeness of the song that I pulled out my pencil and paper to write down the air. As there was no light but the flicker of the fire, I turned the white leaf of my sketch-book toward it to see what I was writing. This caught the eye of one of the men. He woke up, startled from his musical dream, jumped to his feet, and made a dash for me, yelling some words which I did not understand, and holding over my head something that I could not distinguish at the moment owing to the dimness of the light. Standing thus he paused, evidently waiting for an answer to something he had said. It came from one of the other fellows, who pushed him so violently as to send him sprawling on the floor, while, what he held in his hand—a big, heavy, pointed knife—fell and stuck deep in the ground about an inch from my toes. A dispute arose among themselves, but among the Ainu everything ends up in a drink. The large wooden bowls were again refilled; grand bows were made to me, and they all stroked their hair and beard several times—a sign of great respect. I was then handed one of the bowls and made to swallow the contents. But, heavens! never have I felt any liquid work its way down so far. Had I swallowed fire it could not have been as bad; and, indeed, it was neither more nor less than liquid fire.

As the night was wearing fast, and the old fellows had got on well with their drink, the sing-song became rather too languid and monotonous; and I crept out of the hut as quietly as I had entered it, not without first giving the inmates something for their trouble. I had some difficulty in

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FISHERMAN'S HUT.

CHAPTER II.

From Mororran to the Saru River.

361 THIRTEEN more miles in a *basha*—for I was still in civilised regions—took me to Horobets—a village half Ainu and half Japanese.

[553] The Ainu often name their villages after rivers, and this word Horobets, which in English means "large river," is an instance of this custom. In Southern Japan, previous to my visiting Yezo, I was told that nearly all the Ainu of Horobets had become "good Christians." If such were the case, which I do not wish my readers to doubt, the small experience which I had here, led me to believe that "good Christians" often make "very bad heathens."

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609 I left all my baggage in a tea-house at the entrance of the village, and, taking my paint-box with me, I went for a walk along the beach. I saw a crowd of Ainu in the distance, and I hurried up to them. They were busy skinning a large Ushi-sakana (cow-fish), cutting it into pieces with their long

knives. They did not pay much attention to me, and this disregard of what would be to others a cause of curiosity and interruption I afterwards found to be a characteristic of the Ainu. They are seldom distracted from any particular idea that occupies their mind at a certain moment. In fact, they are so little accustomed to reflect at all, that it seems almost impossible for them to think of two things at the same time. Of all the existing races of mankind they may be said to be the most purely one-idea'd.

Stark naked, with their long hair streaming in the wind, they formed a picturesque group. What a chance for a sketch! I sat down on the sand, opened my paint-box, and dashed off a picture, when a young lad, who had taken his share of the fish, came over to see what I was doing. "What is it?" he asked me in broken Japanese, to which question I answered that I was painting the group of them. The news seemed to give him a shock. He rejoined the others, excitedly muttered some words, and apparently told them that I had painted the whole group, fish and all. Had anyone among them been struck by lightning, they could certainly not have looked more dismayed. I never knew until then that painting could have such an overpowering effect on people, ~~except~~, perhaps, when one has sat to an amateur artist for one's own likeness, the result of which is often one of dumb and blank amazement. Anger and disgust naturally followed. The fish was thrown aside, but not the knives, armed with which they all rushed at my back. The sudden change of ideas had evidently made them exceedingly angry. The grumbling became very loud, and louder still when they saw me complacently giving the finishing touches to the fish, which was now left alone, and not as before shifted about every second. They grew wilder and wilder, until one of the crowd shouted in my ears some words which sounded remarkably like swearing. Nevertheless it takes more than that to stop me from sketching; but . . . "By Jove!" I exclaimed, when, all of a sudden, a rush was made on me. My paint-box, picture, palette and brushes were snatched out of my hands and smashed or flung away, and I found myself stretched on the sand, my late involuntary sitters holding me down fast by the legs and arms. A big knife was kept well over my head, so that I should not attempt

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to move, while the painting, on a heavy wooden panel, was being mercilessly destroyed by others. "If these are Christians, well I am . . ." were, I must confess, the first words that rose to my lips.

It is, indeed, difficult to describe how and what one feels when, to all appearance, one is going to be murdered—for painting a fish! My first thought, of course, went to my parents. My next was, what a nuisance it was to be murdered with the sun shining in my eyes, so that I could not even see who would give me the "finishing touch." All the events of my life, the bad ones first, flashed across my mind in those few seconds, and then I almost began to feel as if I had made my first steps into the other world, and I could see angels and devils disputing for my company—the devils, of course, having by far the largest claims. The bitterness of death had in some sense passed, when, to my great astonishment, and with a few, but very sound, kicks I was made to understand that I could get up and go.

The sensation of being brought back to life, when one has made up one's mind to be dead, notwithstanding the abrupt manner in which it was produced, was indeed a pleasant one. I did get up, and pretty quick, I can tell you; but only to see my poor wooden paint-box floating half-smashed in the sea, my brushes stuck here and there in the sand, and the sketch utterly destroyed.

My assailants were about fifteen or twenty, and I was alone. Stupidly enough, and relying on the Christianity of the people, I had not burdened myself with the extra weight of my revolver; I had left it with my heavy luggage in the small Japanese tea-house where I had put up, nearly a mile away. The Japanese police-station was at Washibets, another village some miles off. Nothing was left for me but to pick up the few unbroken brushes which were within easy reach and retire; but I was neither frightened nor conquered, and I swore to myself that I would have my revenge. I hurried to the tea-house, took my revolver, and filled my pocket with cartridges, then I ran back to the spot where I had sketched and been assaulted. There they all were as I had left them, one of them mimicking me with the broken palette, which he had fished out of the sea. I had kept well behind

some thick brushwood, so that they should not see me, and for some time watched them unobserved. The imitation was perfect. The impromptu Raphael's hair was long enough to give him the look of an artist, and he was sufficiently brave to carry on his imitation sketching under a shower of missiles and sand thrown at him by his friends and companions. As he turned his head I recognised in my brother-artist the man who had been holding the knife over my head about an hour before, and also the very person who had given me the soundest kick. Just like a brother-artist! If my sketching had not lasted long, his parody was even shorter. I sprang out from the brushwood screen and caught him by the throat, pointing my revolver at his head, and telling him in Japanese to follow me to the police-station. Another man, attacking me from behind, stabbed me in my left arm, but not very severely, as I saw him just in time to avoid his blow. The sight of my revolver had a salutary effect on my hairy friends, and they were done out of their fun when, keeping them at bay, I told them that if they did not follow me they would all be dead men before they knew where they were. They had seen guns of the Japanese, and they knew the effects of them, so the saucy gentlemen stroked their hair and beard and made signs of submission and obedience. However, I was not to be easily appeased, as it was necessary to give them a lesson to prevent the same thing happening to future travellers; so I made them march in front of me, not caring to have them at my back, and thus took them all to the Japanese police-station, where they were duly arrested. The Japanese are very severe with recalcitrant Ainu, and my assailants would have been unmercifully dealt with had it not been for their wives and children, who came to me begging me to forgive their husbands and fathers for what they had done. I willingly did so, on condition that they should all come and prostrate themselves at my feet, imploring pardon and forgiveness and offering submission, as well as confessing their sorrow. This penitential function was reluctantly fixed by the Japanese policeman—the only one in the place—at a late hour in the afternoon. During the interval, as I fortunately had a large supply of painting materials, I managed to repaint from memory the scene represented in the sketch

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123 destroyed. The evening came, and the little Japanese police-
 609 man brought the resigned and humbled Ainu to the inn. Their wives and relatives followed, and they all looked supremely mournful and sad. I sat, Japanese fashion, on the small verandah on the ground-floor, and the policeman placed the Ainu on a line in front of me, and then came to sit by my side. He then addressed them, partly in the Ainu language, partly in Japanese, and bestowed on them names which went well to the point. He scolded them harshly, and asked them why they had assaulted me.

123 One of them, as grave as a judge, with his eyes cast down,
 609 and in a half-broken voice, came forward and said, that if once you have your likeness taken you have to give up your life to it, and it brings illness to yourself, to your children, your parents, and your neighbours. Not only that, but as I had
 123 taken many people together, famine was sure to fall on the
 609 country. "Then," he added—and he seemed positive of what he was talking about—"then there was a fish the stranger made"—the Ainu have no word for painting—"and had we not destroyed his *makings* all the fish would have disappeared from the sea, and all the Ainu would have died of starvation"—which was a terrible contingency, as the Ainu live mainly by fishing. "We have not hurt the stranger," continued this hairy representative of Master Eustache de St. Pierre, "and now that all the Ainu and the fish he made are destroyed we are safe."

"You are mistaken," said I, when, by the aid of the policeman, I understood the meaning of this long harangue, and I produced the large sketch of the scene which I had repainted from memory. This certainly beat them. They could hardly believe their own eyes, and looked at each other as if some great calamity were approaching. I have no doubt that they considered me an evil spirit, and, as such, too powerful to be contended with. Discretion was their best part of valour, as they proved. One by one they approached the verandah, sat cross-legged in front of me, rubbed their hands together, stroked their hair and beard three times, and three times each put his head down to my feet, begging my pardon. The Ainu women and children who had assembled in the back yard, where the function took place, were crying and moaning

pitiously. The most trying part for me was, of course, to keep serious during this long tragi-comic performance, and I was indeed glad when it was all over; when my supremacy was acknowledged, and my immunity from further insult secured; when submission had been made, and such whips and stings of outrageous fortune as might come from the painting of a fish had been humbly accepted. 1230
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The Ainu are gentle and mild by nature, but, like all ignorant people, they are extremely superstitious, and superstition is a powerful excitant. Nevertheless, they are good people in their own way, and it must not be inferred from this small experience of mine that they are bullies, for they are not. The superstition regarding the reproduction of images is common all through the East, with the exception of the Japanese, and in many parts of Europe itself strange ideas are connected with portrait-painting. In Spain or Italy many a girl of the lower classes would think herself dishonoured if she happened to be sketched unawares, or if her picture were shown without the consent of her parents, brothers, relatives, and the parish priest. 181
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However, these Horobets Ainu are said, since civilisation has set in that part of Yezo, of late years to have become untrustworthy and violent. They are more given to drunkenness than their neighbours, as they can procure from the Japanese stronger beverages than their own. *Sake* (Japanese wine) of inferior quality is sold and exchanged in large quantities, and has the same fatal effects on them as rum—our fire-water—had on the American Indians. 181
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I was not sorry to leave a village which had displayed so little appreciation of my art. I took two ponies and two pack-saddles, to one of which was lashed my baggage, while I sat on the other. Riding is a delightful pastime when you have a good horse and a good saddle; but not when you have to look after two vicious animals, and are yourself perched on a rough wooden pack-saddle. Moreover, Ainu pack-saddles are perhaps the most uncomfortable of their kind. The illustration shows one of them. It is made with a rough, solid wooden frame, of which the front and back parts are semi-circular. One large hole is perforated in each of these to allow ropes to be passed through. Under this frame are two 492

"a cliff," and *Tori* "a residence." As in all Ainu villages, the huts are in one line, some few yards one from the other. Each has a separate structure—a small storehouse built on piles—generally at the west end of the hut. [361
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On my arrival at Piratori, I was welcomed by Benry, the *Ottema* (chief) of the village, who invited me to his hut and *salaamed* me in the most solemn manner, not forgetting to mention incidentally that "his throat was very dry," and that *sake* (Japanese wine) could be obtained from a Japanese who lives opposite to his hut. 574
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"He is a bad man," said Benry confidentially; "but he sells very good *sake*."

The *sake* was procured, and Benry, beaming with joy, poured it with his shaky, drunken hands into a large bowl. He then produced a wooden stick, shaped like a paper-knife, about five inches in length, and waved it in the air five or six times with his right hand, dipping the point of it each time into the fluid. "Nishpa"—sir, master—said he. Then, leaning forwards and lifting up his heavy moustache with the small stick, he swallowed the contents of the bowl at a draught. The same performance took place each time that some fresh *sake* was poured into his bowl, and then Benry, with an inimitable cunning, and a comically self-sacrificing expression on his face, meekly enquired whether I would care to see "how much an Ainu could drink." [413]

"Yes," said I, "we will go down to the river, and you shall show me there if you can drink it dry."

"Yie, yie, yie"—no, no, no—hurriedly replied in Japanese the Ainu chief; "water is too heavy, and I meant wine." Owing to this small difference of opinion, and having no wish to encourage him in his drunkenness, Benry's capacity for intoxicating fluids is yet unknown to the civilised world.

Benry's house is a palace compared to other Ainu huts. It is much larger than most of them, and boasts of a wooden floor, in the centre of which a rectangular fire-place is cut out. The hut has two windows, one toward the east, the other opening to the south; but no chimney is provided as an outlet for the smoke. A hole in the west corner of the roof answers this purpose. The rough wooden frame is thatched with tall reeds and *arundinaria*, and the roof is shaped like 342
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342 a prism. The different huts of Piratori vary in size, but not
 622 in type. The larger ones cover an area of about sixteen or
 352 eighteen feet square. Most of them, however, do not measure
 353 more than ten or twelve feet square. Benry's house was
 622 exceptionally large, and being such a "swell" one, two rough
 411 *kinna* (mats) were spread on the floor and a number of
 Japanese rice boxes and *shokuji* tables¹ adorned one side of
 the dwelling. Over these were hung a number of swords,
 knives, etc., most of them with no blade at all, or with only a
 wooden one. The few old blades which Benry possessed were
 of Japanese workmanship, probably obtained by the Ainu in
 their former wars with the Japanese. A few Ainu spears and
 arrows with bone and bamboo poisoned points were fastened
 to the roof.

648 These Ainu of Piratori have frequent intercourse with the
 439 Japanese, who get from them furs and other articles in ex-
 177 change for *sake* or a few worthless beads. A few half-castes
 are also found at Piratori. The Piratori Ainu, with those of
 Volcano Bay, as we have seen, are those best known to the
 civilised world, as a few foreigners have travelled so far to
 see them. I may mention that as types the inhabitants of
 Piratori are a great deal better than the residents of Volcano
 Bay, most of whom are half-breeds; but even they themselves
 cannot be taken as fair specimens of their race, for they have
 adopted several customs and habits of the Japanese, which the
 incautious traveller has then reported as purely Ainu customs.
 177 For instance, the pure Ainu diet consists almost entirely of
 262 fish, meat, and seaweeds. Only occasionally are the roots of
 certain trees eaten. At Piratori I found that many grow and
 eat millet, and corn and bad rice are also sometimes procured
 from the Japanese. Benry has also gone so far in the way of
 civilisation as to invest his small fortune in buying half-a-
 dozen hens and a cock, with whom he shares his regal home.
 135 These hens lay eggs according to custom, and Benry and his
 "wife" eat them. As the Ainu language has no special word
 for this imported kind of bird, they are known by the name
 of "kikkiri."

123 After the experience which I had had at Horobets I decided
 to be more careful with my sketching. I broached the subject

¹ Small Japanese dinner tables.

to Benry, and asked him to sit to me for his portrait. At first he was very reluctant, but the prospect of receiving a present finally overcame his scruples—for he was indeed civilised in

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BENRY, THE AINU CHIEF OF PIRATORI.

this respect, and understood the worth of his version of the almighty dollar to perfection—and, consenting to be sketched, he sat—at the outset with as much courage as docility. He produced a crown of shavings and seaweed, which he solemnly

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placed on his head, whilst his better-half helped him on with his regal *imi* (garments), as well as a large sword, which also made part of his regal insignia. The crown had in front a small bear's head roughly carved in wood, and the clothes were very gaudy. They were made of strips of blue, white, and red cloth sewn together. The materials used were Japanese, but they were cut and arranged in a thoroughly Ainu pattern. Though he began well, Benry was not a good sitter, and, like most animals, he did not like to be stared at. He felt the weight of a look, as it were, and it made him uncomfortable. Not many minutes had elapsed before he became openly impatient; he even showed his temper by flinging away his crown and his wooden sword. On the other hand, sketching in Benry's house was no easy matter for me. With all the respect due to the chief of Piratori, I am bound to say that his house was not a model of cleanliness. Those of his hairy brothers and subjects were no better than his, and many were a great deal worse. Fleas and other insects were so numerous that in a few minutes I was literally covered with them, each one of them having a peaceful and hearty meal at my expense, while I, for the sake of art, had to go on with my sketch and leave them undisturbed. Notwithstanding all this Benry was immortalised twice that day, and his maid, housekeeper, or wife—three words which have the same meaning to the Ainu—was also handed down to posterity while in the act of spinning the inner fibre of the *Ulmus campestris* bark, destined to form a new garment for her lord, master, and husband.

When I went out to sketch the houses and storehouses in the village Benry and another man followed me everywhere; but neither he nor his fellow-shadow seemed to take any interest in the sketching. In Japan, Corea, and China I have often been surrounded by hundreds of people attentively watching every stroke of the brush, and I have always found them clever and quick in making out the meaning of each line or brush-mark. I can assert, without fear of being contradicted, that the majority of Japanese, Koreans, and Chinese are even quicker than Europeans in that respect, owing to the fact that lines constitute for them the study of a lifetime. Chinese characters, which are nothing but a deep study of lines, are adopted by the three above-mentioned nations, and

I consider this to be the original cause why this artistic insight is to be found even among the lowest classes. The Ainu have no such insight; they have no characters, no writing of any kind, no books, and it is therefore not astonishing that they are not trained to understand art, bad as it may have been in my case. Their appreciation of lines is yet in the rudest form, and they possess no more than what is instinctive with them. For instance, while I was sketching, Benry and his friend either sat or crouched down by my side like two dogs, and when my sketch was finished I showed it to them.

"Pirika, Pirika! Nishpa!" ("Very pretty, very pretty, sir!") Benry exclaimed with perfect self-assurance; but when I asked him what he thought the sketch represented, he cut me short by saying that I had done the picture and I ought to know what it was meant for; he did not. His friend agreed with him.

When my work was done we three walked back to Benry's house, my two Ainu friends being very anxious that I should get something to eat. From their conversation and gestures I caught that it seemed incomprehensible to them that I should sit in front of an Ainu hut and—to use their expression—"make all sorts of signs on a wooden panel." After a lengthy discussion the two came to the conclusion that houses in our country were so bad that I had been sent to the Ainu country to "copy" the pattern of Ainu huts!

Benry seemed excited about something, and hurried us back with curious haste and eagerness. When we left the house in the morning I saw Benry's better-half placing a few eggs in water to boil over the fire. When we entered the hut, nearly two hours afterwards, the eggs were still boiling, and no fair maid within yelling reach. In order that the fire might not go out during her absence the thoughtful girl had placed the largest portion of the trunk of a tree in the fireplace!

Taken altogether, Benry and all his Saru Ainu are very good-natured. They gradually got accustomed to being sketched, seeing that after all it really did not bring on them "immediate death."

The more one sees of the Ainu the dirtier they appear, but as dirt to a great extent contributes to picturesqueness, I was

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515 indeed sorry when Benry, exercising his authority, sent several of my sitters to dress up in their best clothes—often Japanese—while I should have preferred to sketch them in their everyday rags. I must say, for their sake, that they were never sent to wash. Being a rapid sketcher, I had recourse to a trick. I pretended to sketch one given person, who, of course, was sent at once to “dress up,” and while he or she, after having returned, posed patiently for half an hour or more, I in the meantime took sketches of four or five different natives, who were not aware that they were being portrayed. As the Ainu—and they are probably not the only people—could not make either head or tail of my sketches, my trick was never found out.

515 One day, old Benry led me by the hand in the most affectionate manner to a hut some way off, and confidentially told me that we were going to see his favourite girl and her boy.

“This,” said the chief triumphantly as we went in, “this is Benry’s *Pirika menoko*” (pretty girl), “and that”—pointing to a youth—“her only son.”

“And what about the old hairy lady in your own hut?” I inquired.

“That is my *Poromachi*” (great wife), said he, qualifying matters with a compliment to the elder woman, “and this is my *Pon-machi*” (small wife).

“Why should you have two wives, you old Mormon?”

“Nishpa,” retorted he, “my great wife is old, and she is only fit to do all the rough work in the house and out. My hair is white, but I am strong, and I wanted yet a young wife.”

Indeed, there was enough mother-wit in Benry to have made him either a scamp or a philosopher. His theories were as remarkable as they were accommodatng, particularly to himself.

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123 Returning from the house of his love, the chief was in a very talkative mood, and he related two or three Japanese stories, which he wanted me to believe to be pure Ainu legends. A learned missionary and two or three travellers before him, who had visited Piratori previous to myself, have accepted these so-called legends wholesale, taking Benry’s word for their accuracy, which, as the old chief speaks very good Japanese, of course simplified the task of understanding and

transcribing them. I was, however, much surprised to find that such learned Europeans could yield such ready credence to a barbarian Ainu chief. 128
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Thinking that it would please me, Benry told me the story of a deluge and a big flood, in which nearly all the Ainu were drowned. The few that escaped did so by finding refuge on a high mountain.

"Where did you learn this story, Benry?" I asked sternly.

"Nishpa, it is an old Ainu story, and all strangers who come to Piratori write it in their books."

"Oh, no, Benry, you know well that *one* stranger did not write it in his book," said I quickly, as if I knew all about it.

"Oh, yes, nishpa; *that* was the stranger who told me the story!"

This small anecdote shows how careful *one* ought to be in accepting information which may sound extremely interesting at first, but is absolutely worthless in the end.



AINU MAN WAVING HIS MOUSTACHE-LIFTER PREVIOUS
TO DRINKING.

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AN AINU FESTIVAL.

CHAPTER IV.

An Ainu Festival.

527 THE Ainu have few public performances, and no special time of the year is fixed for them. As it so happened, a festival—a "Iyomanrei"—took place while I was at Piratori.

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576 The performance was held in a large hut belonging to the heir apparent to the chieftainship of Piratori. I went to the hut and asked whether I could attend the performance. The host, in answer, came to meet me at the door, and, taking me by the hand, led me in. I was shown where to sit, on the southern side of the hut, the place of honour for strangers, and my host sat in front of me and saluted me in Ainu fashion.

[242] Benry and several old men were squatting on the floor, Benry in the middle, and he was again gorgeous in his regal clothes. Some of the others, who wore a crown like Benry's, were chiefs of the neighbouring villages, who had come up for the grand occasion.

One by one all the men present rose and came to stroke their hair and beard before me, and I returned the compliment as well as I could in Ainu fashion. The hut was gradually

getting filled, and each man that entered first saluted the landlord, then Benry, then myself, and ultimately the two guests between whom he sat. Women and children occupied the darker west end of the hut, and they took no active part in the function. Other chiefs came in, and Benry was surrounded by many of them and by elderly men. 527
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The whole group of these chiefs, with their long white beards, lighted up by a brilliant ray of sunshine, which penetrated through the small east window, was extremely picturesque. 507

In its savagery it was almost grand, with a barbaric quasi-animal sense of power and irresponsibility. In truth, it was a wonderful sight to see all these hairy people assembled in this small place—men, yet not men like ourselves—men, and not brutes, yet still having curiously brutish traits athwart their humanity.

The performance was simple, but really fine in its simplicity. A fire burning in the centre of the hut, and filling the place with smoke, added, by its suggestive dimness, to the picturesqueness of the scene. It was strange that the only ray of sun which came in should fall on the most interesting group. Was it chance or design? Rembrandt himself would have delighted in painting that scene.

Benry looked every inch a king, and several of the younger men were busily engaged lighting his pipe and refilling it with tobacco. He puffed away at such a rate that no sooner was the pipe filled than it was smoked and handed over again to undergo the same process. [276]

Two large casks of Japanese *sake* were brought in, and each man produced his wooden bowl.

The host came slowly forward, and planted an *Inao*—a willow wand with overhanging shavings—in one corner of the fireplace; then muttered a few words, which implied that the *sake* could now be poured out. A Japanese lacquer rice-box was filled with the intoxicating liquid, and no sooner had this been done than old Benry, forgetting his dignity, jumped up and made a rush for it, filled a large bowl, and retired to a corner to drink it. All the men present followed his example. Benry was never selfish when he had had enough for himself. He filled his bowl again and brought it to me, saying that 527
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527 time of it, but the other unfortunate jockeys were pulled off
527 the ponies by the angry mob, and knocked about as worthless
beings.

527 The evening came, and with the dying sun ended that
memorable day of festivities. I retired. Distant sounds of
the *menokos*, still enjoying themselves, came to me with the
wind, but fainter and fainter they grew as it was getting
darker.

"Pirrero! Pirrero! Pirrero!" I heard again, till at last the
sounds faded away into a mere murmur, and I fell asleep.

The morning that I left Piratori, old Benry put on his regal
clothes and crown to bid me good-bye.

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PIRATORI WOMAN IN COSTUME.

"Nishpa, Popka-no-okkayan"
("Sir, may you be preserved
warm"), said the old chief, in the
Ainu fashion of bidding farewell;
"I have a pain in my chest,
owing to your leaving Piratori,
but I shall accompany you part
of the way."

I dissuaded the old chief from
doing that, but he went on, with
his plaintive voice: "Nishpa,
you must tell in your country
that Piratori is a nice place, and
all the Ainu are good people.
Not like the Shamo" (Japanese;
also half-breeds), "for they are
bad. You must return soon,"
he added, and, taking my hand,
he pressed it to his hairy chest.
He then took me to his hut
again, and there renewed his
farewells, and I renewed mine to

him, to his *great* wife, and to his house, for it is part of the
Ainu etiquette to bid good-bye to the house of a friend as
well as to the owner of it.

The return journey to Saru Mombets was accomplished
without much difficulty.

020 a mass of white hair and two claws, almost like thin human feet with long hooked nails. A few fish-bones scattered on the ground and a lot of filth were massed together in that corner ; and the disgusting odours these exhaled were beyond measure horrible.

888 "What the devil is that!" I said aloud in my own native tongue. I could hear someone breathing heavily under that mass of white hair, but I could not make out the shape of a human body. I touched the hair, I pulled it, and with a groan, and movements similar to those of a snake uncoiling itself, two thin bony arms suddenly stretched out and clasped my hand. As my eyes were getting accustomed to the dim light I thought I saw some almost worn-out tattoo marks on her arms. Yes, it was a woman in that corner, though her limbs were merely skin and bone, and her long hair and long nails gave her a ghastly appearance. Indeed, crouched as she was, doubled up, with her head on her knees, and the long hair falling over her face and shoulders, it was really difficult to make out what she was.

I asked her to come out, but she was apparently deaf and dumb. I dragged her out, and she made but little resistance ; only she preferred crawling on her hands and knees to walking upright on her feet. There is no accounting for people's tastes, and I let her please herself in her manner of locomotion. When she was fairly out in the light I shivered as I looked at the miserable being before me. I lifted up her hair to see the face. Her eyebrows were thick and shaggy, and were joined over the nose. Her eyes were half closed, and dead-looking. The strong light seemed to affect her, and with her hands she was feeling the ground, probably in order to retrace her steps back to the dark spot. Nature could not have inflicted more evils on that wretched creature. She was nearly blind, deaf, and dumb ; she apparently suffered from rheumatism, which had doubled up her body and stiffened her bony arms and legs ; and, moreover, she showed many of the symptoms of leprosy. Altogether, she was painful, horrible, disgusting, and humiliating to contemplate.

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I went back to my ponies to fetch my paint-box. During my absence there had collected round them half-a-dozen Ainu. They did not know what to think of the appearance of the two

animals, and the few articles fastened to the pack-saddle were regarded with suspicion. When I appeared on the scene their astonishment was even greater, and it reached its climax when I saluted them in the Ainu fashion, and told them that I was a friend of the Ainu. I unfastened my paint-box and went back to the old woman. She was still where I had left her. All the Ainu present followed me, and when I squatted down they did the same in a semicircle round me. My wretched model attempted several times to crawl inside the hut, but as I was sitting close to her, I prevented her from doing so. There she sat in the most extraordinary position, with her head resting on her left hand, and the stiff fingers of her right hand pressed on the ground. One leg was bent up and the other was folded, resting on the ground and on the foot of the first. She was sniffing the wind, and making efforts to see with her half-blind eyes.

It is hardly necessary to say that I did not keep my model longer than was strictly necessary, and when the sketch was finished I took her by the arm, brought her back into the hut, and led her to her favourite corner. There she crouched herself again, as I had found her; and there I left her, to bear the miseries of her life, till death, the cure of all woes, shall take away her soul, if not her body, from the filth she had lived in. She was neither ill-treated nor taken care of by the villagers or by her son, who lived in the same hut; but she was regarded as a worthless object, and treated accordingly. A fish was occasionally flung to her, as one would to a beast, and in such a condition this human being had lived, or rather existed, apparently for several years. Not a word was uttered by the villagers during the few minutes I took to paint the sketch. I turned round to inspect my new friends. Others had come up, and these men and women, hairy and partly naked, squatting down amidst filth, and driven half mad by the horse-



MADWOMAN OF YAMMAKKA.

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● 123 flies and black-flies, looked just like a large family of restless
609 monkeys. They were gentle and kind—much more so than
[157] any of their more civilised brethren; and one of them, a fine
old man, came forward when I came out of the hut and wished
me to go and see a big yellow bear they had captured. I went,
123 and near the man's hut, in a rough square cage made of
609 crossed branches of trees, was Bruin grinding his teeth as we
136 drew near. In a sing-song monotone the man told me the
224 story of the hunt, and how the bear had been captured. Then
we went from one hut to another all through the village.
Yamakubiro is the name given to the huts taken collectively,
but the man took good care to explain to me that one part of
the village (numbering only seven houses) was called Tchiota,
and the other, a short distance away, was named Yammakka.
Tchiota in the Ainu language means "dead-sand," and Yam-
makka is "land in behind."

514 Yammakka has ten huts. The hut in which I had to put up
609 was more than filthy, and I had a sort of presentiment that
my landlord was a scoundrel. He saw me giving a small
silver Japanese coin to a girl I had painted. From that
moment I noticed his eyes were continually fixed on my
waistcoat pocket, out of which I had taken the coin. However,
I did not think much of that, as all Ainu are fond of beads,
metals, or anything that shines. When the evening came I
tried to go to sleep on the hard planks, as usual. There is
undoubtedly more *board* than *lodging* about Ainu accommo-
[136] dation. Myriads of Taikkis, the tiny but troublesome and
uninvited guests of all dirty dwellings, did me the honour
to sup off the few drops of blood which remained in my
veins. I owed it to a bottle of Keating's Powder that I was
not carried away bodily by them. I felt cold and feverish, and
having no civilised bed-clothes to cover me, I slept with my
clothes on; and this the more willingly, as I felt an instinctive
mistrust of my host, and I thought it was as well to be ready
for any emergency.

A few salmon were hanging right over my nose. They
hung low, but they smelt high. I had been given a place in
the south-west corner of the hut, and my landlord retired to
the north-east corner. Though this may sound very far, my
host was really not more than a few feet away from me. He

rivers where fish is abundant, as in the Yezo watercourses. 283
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 The Ainu at Frishikobets took very kindly to sitting for their 123
 portraits, and one after the other—all the best types—were
 immortalised either in oils or in pencil. Strange to say, I
 came across another old woman, a lunatic, very similar to the 888
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 one I saw at Yammakka. Her face was that of a witch,
 her eyebrows joining downwards somewhat in the shape of
 an owl's beak. Her long pale hands and face, and the long
 wild hair covering half her face, gave her a striking appear-
 ance. She had, however, not yet reached the stage of im-
 becility which her Yammakka sister had attained. Lunacy [64]
 is very common among the Ainu, and the unfortunate creature
 thus afflicted seems to lose not only the respect, but also the
 pity, as well as care, of all the others, and is treated by them
 as a worthless animal.

After crossing the Frishikobets River, some distance off, on 361
 the east side of the Tokachi River, are the villages of Upar-
 penai,¹ twenty-one Ainu huts, Memuro-puto,² sixteen huts,
 and Ottoinnai,³ fourteen huts. Then comes Kinney, with
 seven houses; and finally Nitumap,⁴ the last village on the
 Tokachi River, has as many as thirty-six houses.

The huts of the Tokachi region are much smaller than 342
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 those on the Saru River, and near many of them is a cage,
 in which a big yellow or black bear is confined. The natives
 told me that yellow and black bears were numerous in the
 neighbourhood. Deer (the *yuk*, male deer, and *mowambe*,
 female), were formerly plentiful, but now are very scarce.
 A few years ago a pestilence killed great numbers of them,
 and since then they have dwindled away.

Not many miles from Frishikobets a huge cliff rises per- 133
 pendicularly along the Shikarubets River. A landslip seems
 to have taken place, which leaves one side of the cliff perfectly
 bare and rugged, showing the strata composing the soil.
 It is of a light yellowish colour, and it is called by the

¹ *U*, place; *par*, mouth; *pe*, undrinkable water; *nai*, stream; *Upar-penai*, a place at the mouth of a stream of undrinkable water.

² *Me*, in front; *mu*, sheltered spot in a river; *ro*, track; *puto*, mouth of river; *Memuro-puto*, track in front of a sheltered spot at the mouth of a river. [192]
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³ *Otto*, into; *i*, a place; *nai*, stream; *Ottoinnai*, a place in a stream.

⁴ *Nitumap*, open trunk of a tree.

and I returned to Obishiro. It is not often that one anywhere meets with such simple, straightforward people as these Watanabes. They have lived alone at Obishiro for eight years among savages, but never in my life have I met with more civilised, kind, thoughtful, gentle beings than Watanabe and his wife. As civilisation makes savages bad, I dare say savage life makes civilised people good! I go away carrying with me a deep affection for these gentle strangers, whose kindness to me has made them my friends.

The day came for me to return to the coast. My ponies, probably frightened by bears, broke loose during the night, and one of them ran away; and I was rather in a difficulty as to how I should get back whence I had come. Watanabe, adding kindness to kindness, allowed me to have one of his ponies, and after repeated good-byes I started on my journey back to the coast. About four miles east of Yammakka the Tokachi River receives a large affluent, the Toshibets, or "river of high swamps." The Tunnui Puto is the largest of these swamps, about four miles north of the mouth of the Toshibets. *Tunnui* means a kind of tree, probably the *Quercus dentata*; *puto* or *put* means the mouth of a river. The course of the Toshibets River is almost from due north to south from its source, then for about six or seven miles from north-west to south-east, and, sharply turning again from north to south, continues in this direction winding continually for eighteen or twenty miles, till it throws itself with a large body of water in the Tokachi River. On the southern side of the latter part of the watercourse are found the Ainu villages of Pombets, twenty-two huts; Purokenashpa,¹ three huts; Kenashpa,² twelve huts; and Beppo,³ eleven huts. The characteristics of the natives of these villages and their habitations are similar to those already described at Frishikobets. The journey down was much the same as that coming up. Tobuts, on the north side of the Tokachi, is the largest Ainu village in the district, and has as many as sixty huts. The inhabitants are possessed of a somewhat fiery temper in this particular village, and the day previous to my going through two men were killed in a row.

¹ *Puro*, great; *ke*, 1; *nashpa*, deafening noise.

² *Ke*, 1; *nashpa*, deafening noise.

³ *Beppo* or *pet put*, at the mouth of a river.

The Ainu women of Shari are exceedingly pretty, as they do not tattoo the long moustache across their faces, like other Ainu. Some of them have a small semicircular tattoo on the upper lip, which is not very displeasing to the eye; and in some cases is even becoming. The girls have also given up tattooing their arms. The men are much taller than the Ainu men of other regions, and they seem to be rather ill-natured. Japanese blood can be detected in many of them, and that may account for it. While the women are prettier, the men have repulsive faces, possessing all the characteristics of purely criminal types.

One young fellow who sat for me was the very image of Robespierre in his worst moments, and an old man who sat for me afterwards would, according to Phrenology, prove to be a murderer of the first water. This gentleman was a troublesome sitter, and excelled in making the most awful faces, which were accompanied by sounds imitating those of wild beasts. The Shari Ainu build their storehouses with cylindrical roofs, similar to those of their brethren on the Kutcharo Lake.

After the heavy storm of the previous night the weather cleared up for the rest of the day, and the sunset, reflected in the limpid waters of the river, was simply magnificent. On the other side, sheltered by the sand-hills, were a few Ainu huts standing out against the brilliant red and yellow sky, and here and there a large fish jumped out of the water, leaving circle after circle of concentric rings to break for the moment the reflection in the water.

From Shari to Abashiri the road is for some distance among trees, mostly fir and spruce, and then the Tobuts Lake is reached, half of which is a mere marsh. It is picturesquely situated, and I followed its borders for about three miles, having the sea on one side, the lake on the other. The track was easy and mostly on sand. At the outlet of the lake into the sea is the Ainu village of Tobuts, access to which is to be had only by boat, as the river is extremely deep, and its current very swift.

In the proximity of Tobuts another and smaller lake, the Opoto, with its short and winding estuary, is on the left of the traveller, while a long way ahead the Abashiri rocks stand high on the horizon. A few Ainu huts are scattered along the

the four brave men, who had suffered agonies for days, and had almost miraculously escaped death in the treacherous currents of the Otkoshk Sea, were certainly not to be outwitted by a handful of hard-hearted Japanese or by a pack of hairy Ainu. They begged for food and could not obtain it, so they stole it, and ill-treated some of the natives who interfered. They then disappeared towards the south. When I put in an appearance, all alone and almost in rags, leading and dragging my tired pony, it is not astonishing that the first thing that struck them was that I must be another escaped Russian, "or bad man from Krafto,"¹ as the Ainu called me. [68] 123.

The reception I received was pretty stormy; but when I understood what the matter was which caused the rioting, I set their minds at rest, and, speaking in their own language, told them that the "bad men of Krafto" were my enemies as well as theirs, and that, should I find them, I would punish them. Not only that, but, to make them perfectly at ease, I gave them some little present of money, which turned them at once into friends. As to the Russian convicts, there was no possibility of my finding them, for they were travelling towards the south from this point, and I was moving towards the north, so I was perfectly safe in passing myself off as a kind of supreme judge.

Shari Mombets is a miserable place. In the house where I put up I was received by a young man, but the owner of the house did not show himself. The next morning, however, as I gave much more money than they expected, the landlord was brought to my room to thank me. The poor man suffered from elephantiasis—the wretched disease by which the head and all the limbs of the body assume gigantic proportions. His head was swollen to more than twice its normal size, and had lost its shape; his body was piteously deformed and inflated, his eyes nearly buried in flesh. The weight of his head was such that the cervical vertebrae were scarcely strong enough to support it erect; and when he bowed down in Japanese fashion to thank me and bid me

¹ *Krafto*, Ainu word for Sakhalin.

some sort, and apparently he regarded himself as a "bruin." 158
 I never heard him speak or utter words, but whether he was actually dumb or not I was not able to ascertain, as every time I tried to examine his mouth he attempted to bite me. His biting, however, was of a different nature from that of the sweet girl on the Saruma shores, and when he did bite he bit well. One day in a struggle I came off nearly minus two joints of the third finger of my right hand.

I several times attempted to take measurements of his skull and bones, but with no success. Once, as I had got hold of him and was feeling the "bumps" on his skull, he managed to disentangle himself, and grabbed me by the hair, which led to a conflict, and caused me a "très mauvais quart d'heure." We fought desperately, and I was thoroughly "licked"; not, however, before having found out that he had no bump of sensitiveness and none of philoprogenitiveness. He was pleased with his victory, and the hostilities ended. He hopped away cautiously, and I saw him climb on his hands and feet over the cliff near his hut, where he disappeared. 123 158

Some hours later I saw the monomaniac stealthily creeping back among the rocks. I was some way from the hut, in a place where he could not see me. He came slowly forward, watching the hut suspiciously, as he evidently thought I was still inside. When he got near he stopped to pick up a large stone, and with it in his right hand he sneaked along towards the hut. He listened, and crept in. I followed immediately after. He was furious when I entered, and tried to escape, but I barred his way. He retreated into a corner, crouched down groaning, and showed signs of impatience. I could see that he was frightened, and I went to him and endeavoured to soothe him; not without success, for he became quieter, and I once more noticed the great power that a stronger will can exercise over a weaker one. As long as I was staring at him he never dared to move, and I could "will" him to do almost anything I wanted by thinking hard that he should do it; but when once I turned my eyes away I had no more control over him.

This is just what happened that day. Thinking that he would keep quiet for some minutes, I got out my palette and

brushes in order to take his likeness. I had till then relied on my power of "willing" people, when my host, seizing the opportunity of my turning my head away for one moment,



MY HOST, THE MADMAN.

grabbed the stone which he had picked up, and threw it with great force at me. I was hit in the ribs, and was hurt sufficiently to lose my temper. I went for him, and gave him a sound thrashing, which sometimes has more effect than all the "willing" in the world. He became docile after that, and I took him outside and forced him to squat down.

XIV. *THE MANIAC AND THE FRIENDLY CROWS.* 149

He was restless while I was painting him, and hundreds of half-starved crows, which seemed to be on good terms with my sitter, gathered round him, chatting in their incomprehensible and noisy language. Some of them even flew on to his back and shoulders, and he touched them without their flying away. 123 158 136

I was astounded at the familiarity which existed between the madman and the birds. They seemed to understand each other, and had I only been sufficiently imaginative I might have asserted that I even saw them kissing him. Unfortunately, when the first astonishment was over I understood the reason of the affection on the part of the scavengers, and the whole mystery was unveiled to me. Like all mysteries, the apparently extraordinary friendship between the madman and the black birds turned out to be a plain bit of literal prose, and, I must add, a very disgusting bit. The maniac was covered with vermin, and the affectionate kisses of the crows were not kisses of love or sympathy, but only mouthfuls of parasites, which they found among the thick hair of his body.

Two or three times the maniac crawled up to me, and seemed anxious to touch the colours on my palette, and also to put his fingers on the sketch. He saw that he gained nothing by being a foe, so he became a friend. He even became a great friend when I presented him with a shiny silver coin. 123 158

Though Omangus was undoubtedly insane, he was a very practical person. As will be seen by the illustration, his attire was simple, and no allowance was made for pockets. He looked at the coin, turned it over in his hands several times, and grinned; then he placed it in his mouth for safe keeping. His mouth was apparently his purse. As I saw that he was fond of silver coins, I gave him one or two more, and all of them were religiously kept in the same natural pocket, except at night, when he hid them under a large stone. At sunrise they were collected again and placed back under his tongue or in one of his cheeks.

I cannot say that my host was by any means brilliant, but, like most lunatics, he was a good soul apart from his little peculiarities. It was unfortunate that he had lost the power of speech, or I might have learnt some strange things from him.

158 Omangus was generally restless at night, and while asleep he seemed to suffer from awful nightmares. Most Ainu as a rule do not. One morning at dawn, as the first rays of light penetrated the hut, I watched him. He had been groaning frightfully all night, and I had not been able to sleep. He was lying flat on his back breathing heavily, and now and then he had a kind of spasm, during which he ground his teeth together with violence. It was during these spasms, or nervous contractions, that he groaned most fiercely. As he was so stretched I noticed how extraordinarily long his femur was compared to his tibia. I gently placed my hand over his heart, and found it was beating rapidly and irregularly. His forehead also was feverish and abnormally warm. He did not wake up, but as soon as the nervous strain was over he fell into a lethargic state. He appeared to have lost all strength, and it took me some time to awake him; but he finally opened his eyes, and, drowsily getting up, yawned to his heart's content, and went to fetch the hidden coins.

The more I saw of Omangus, the more he puzzled me. His faculties were defective; still, he seemed to possess a fairly good memory. If not, how could he remember the concealed treasure? Although he was not able to form ideas of his own, he could retain those which he had grasped. His hearing was extremely acute, and his inability to speak must have undoubtedly been caused by paralysis of the tongue and vocal organs. Several times he made violent attempts to utter words, which he would not have done had he been born dumb.

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● 123 After the second day of my pleasant stay in Omangus' ten feet square sea-side residence my host became more genial and even affectionate. Instead of constantly running away from me he sat opposite me, attentively watching all my movements; and if I happened to be whistling, he slowly crept nearer, grinning with delight. Occasionally he crouched himself by my side, even resting against me. I did not approve of the latter proof of affection, not so much for his own sake as on account of the "large company" which he carried with him; but I had to put up with it until I found a counter-action in loud singing, which frightened him away.

Omangus had a quantity of last year's salmon, which he had

dried in the sun, and which was now hanging from the roof of the little hut. The first day or two of my stay there I had but little to eat, owing to his belligerent behaviour. He rebelled every time that I attempted to touch his provisions, and what I had to eat was generally appropriated while my host was out. Afterwards, however, he became generous, and gave me more than I wanted. He took good care to draw the three coins out of his mouth while he was eating, but once, during a nervous fit, to which he was often subject, he swallowed one of them. 158
123

One morning, weary of my lunatic friend's company, I packed all my traps and went to fetch my pony. Omangus seemed aghast, suspecting that I was about to leave. He was restless, and followed me, moaning, from the hut to the pony and back, and, with a forlorn look in his eyes, watched me bring the baggage outside and lash it to the pack-saddle. I gave him a couple more silver coins, which I thought would make him happy; but he dropped them in the sand. I bade good-bye to him and left; and there poor Omangus stood motionless, gazing at me until the winding shore took me round the cliff. He was out of sight for some minutes, but he soon reappeared on the summit of the cliff itself; on to which he rapidly climbed, and from this point of vantage he could see the coast for several miles. There standing, a black figure against the rising sun, the hairy Ainu became smaller and smaller as I moved away from him, until nothing but a black spot could be seen against the sky; then even that spot disappeared. It was the last I saw of my host the madman.

The rivers were troublesome all along this part of my journey, and as most of them had quicksands, the safest plan was to cross them in a boat, when this was obtainable. However, as I went further north the boats became scarce and more scarce, and the small villages, few and very far between. I seldom came across a human being with whom I could exchange a word, and the constant solitude induced in me the bad habit of talking to myself, to animals, or to inanimate objects. My unfortunate pony was often lectured on different subjects, and the millions of seagulls and penguins all along the coast were asked questions of all sorts, which, however, they invariably left unanswered. It was strange to see the 000

680 the skin dried? I should be moving day after day, and it would not be possible to pack it in that condition among my sketches; I had no arsenical soap, and unless I dried it in the sun it would certainly rot, and get spoiled.

I resorted to a trick. I fastened two sticks crossways, and having stuck one up the eagle's neck, I fastened the two opened wings to the two side branches of the cross. The skin was thus kept well opened, and with two additional strings, one at each wing, the frame was fastened on to my back, the feathered side against my coat, while the inside was exposed to the sun and the wind. In wading a river I saw my own image reflected in the water, and I must confess the appearance was strange. A few hours after a group of Ainu were able to certify to this. I was riding slowly along the shore, when I saw a few of them not very far ahead. Two men were the first to notice me, and they seemed terror-stricken. As I approached they stood still for a minute, shading their eyes with their hands so as to make out what kind of winged animal it was they saw riding on horseback. When they discovered that the black wings were on a human being, the two brave Ainu fled, crying out, "*Wooi, wooi!*" the hairy people's cry of distress.

123 As I got nearer the village, dozens of wild dogs came to meet me, and, barking furiously, followed my pony, while the few inhabitants, frightened out of their wits at such an unusual sight, hid themselves inside their huts. Two or three hurriedly launched their "dug-outs" and put out to sea. When I passed the first hut some large salmon were thrown at me from inside, probably with the idea that I might satisfy my appetite on them, and spare the lives of the trembling donors. Food was not over-plentiful along that coast, so I dismounted and picked up the provisions so munificently provided by the scared natives. I tied them on each side of my pack-saddle, not sorry to be thus saved from the danger of dying of starvation—at least for the next two or three days.

As I was so occupied, a little child about four years old, evading the vigilance of his parents, ran out of one of the huts. I took him in my arms; whereat he cried bitterly, and when the people inside heard it there were screams of indignation and despair.

Maternal love is occasionally strong even among Ainu 123● women, and while I tried hard to quiet the shrieking baby, his mother, as pale as the dirt on her face allowed her to be, came out trembling, and, offering me another large salmon, begged me to accept it in exchange for her child, who, she said, was not good to eat! It is needless to say that I was magnanimous enough to accept her offer, and thereupon handed the child over to his mother, who fled with him back into the hut. Then I took off my wings and went in after her, explaining to the frightened natives what I really was. It took them some minutes, however, to overcome their first impression, and then the men were pretty hard on the women for having given all the salmon away. The same scene was more or less vividly repeated when I came across any other natives during all the time that I wore the eagle-skin on my back. I have related this small anecdote, as, a few years hence, when some worthy missionary or imaginative traveller visits that barren coast of Yezo, it is not improbable that he may hear of some additional Ainu legend, which, the good missionaries will say, proves that the Ainu are fully aware of the existence of heaven and hell.

"A heathen child," the legend will very likely run, "whose 120 parents had not embraced our Christian faith, was one day plainly seen by his mother in the arms of a black-winged devil. The devil was seen by many, and he came from the lower regions on an unknown animal with huge side paunches, in which he kept the heathen children, he had eaten. The mother, who, through her wickedness, saw herself deprived of her child, gave offerings to the gods, some through the eastern window for the sun-god, and some through the door for the other gods. The offerings were accepted, but none of the gods came to her help, and the child was nearly lost. Her guiding star appeared to her in that supreme moment, and inspired her to reach down from the roof the largest salmon in store. She walked out of the hut and offered it to another god, whom she knew not before. Instantly the child was restored to his mother. (That the god took the salmon would probably be omitted in the legend.) The black-winged demon vanished, and the hut was visited by a white being (freely translated, "the guardian angel"), with a halo (my

533 and sentimental, but verily diabolical, consisting mainly of
755 wild howling with an accompaniment of stamping feet and the rattling of sword and knife, and followed by a disgusting expectoration of chewed convolvulus roots, which are said to be powerful in expelling the evil spirit and restoring the sick person to health.

461 Furthermore, music is invariably used by the Ainu—
533 especially by the women—to facilitate manual labour, as when pounding millet, rowing, pulling canoes on shore, or drawing water from a well, when packing sea-weed, or when preparing salmon for the winter; and also in their games, which I have already described in the chapter on the festival at Piratori.

461 During the process of pounding millet—which is only prac-
533 tised in the southern part of Yezo—two or three girls stand round a mortar in which the millet has been placed, and each girl, holding with both hands a pestle, beats and sings, one after the other, the words "*Huye, huye*," as the pestle is let down, increasing in loudness when the grain requires harder pounding, and slowly decreasing in volume towards the end. This pounding begins about sunset, and the place chosen for the operation is generally the small porch of the huts. It has indeed a weird effect to hear these many voices from the distant huts gradually dying away as darkness comes on, till finally only two or three break the stillness of the coming night. Then even those wear away, and everything becomes as silent as the grave.

461 When riding on horseback, especially if alone, young men
533 are fond of singing, and when going through forests, chopping and collecting firewood, Ainu invariably sing.

I have often heard two or three Ainu, when packing seaweed within a few yards of one another, each singing to himself, and each so much absorbed in his own composition as not to even hear his neighbours. An Ainu does not and cannot sing unless he feels in the mood for it; but if he sings he is carried away by his own music. Of course this is a good quality in Ainu music, as in all arts where "feeling" is to be appreciated as much as execution. The latter is to be got by constant practice and teaching; but the first has to be born in one.

●123 My readers must forgive me if I am judging Ainu music,

not from the European, but from the native standpoint, for I think it is only fair to give things as they are, without too much reference to our own ideas. 123

With savage nations, music is the expression of the feelings and passions of the musician. Thus, it is necessary to well know the man himself before we can understand his productions and appreciate them; and such knowledge is only attained by constantly living with natives, not as a mere stranger, but as one of them.

Very few travellers have seen the real Ainu, or studied them accurately, while many, partly owing to their inability to differentiate one race from another, have given us highly imaginative descriptions, and even photographs, of Japanese half-castes and actual Japanese, describing them as Ainu. If such worthy ethnologists as have visited the "civilised part only" of the Ainu country, have been unable to distinguish types of the hairy Ainu race from those of the hairless Japanese, or from mixtures of the two, undoubtedly racial characteristics have been but imperfectly recorded. 114

It is more particularly in music and poetry, as I have already explained, that temperamental characteristics are shown, and one ought to be careful to clearly define what is native music and poetry—in which I include legends, traditions, and folk-lore—and what has been transmitted by neighbouring and conquering races. Loud music is not appreciated by the Ainu, and makes them grin with more scorn than enjoyment. I could only try experiments in this direction by singing to them, as I had no European musical instruments with me; but I found that singing *con brio* at the top of my voice was not so pleasing to them as when I sang *piano con passione*. For instance, the song "Toreador," in the opera *Carmen*, created fits of merriment from a crowd at Frishikobets, while the same crowd, a few minutes later, listened attentively and silently to Gounod's "Ave Maria," sung in a kind of "miaoling" voice. 533 123

I may here mention incidentally, to show the different musical tastes of Ainu and Japanese, that some months previous to this I was at a concert at Tokio in which the same "Ave Maria" was performed by some distinguished European musicians. The large Japanese audience, who had been atten- 000

"worship." The nearest approach can be made only by comparisons and analogies, which often lead far from the point aimed at. Like all savages and barbarians, the Ainu are more apt to answer as they think will please the questioner than to give a definition of their own beliefs. The manner in which a question is put gives the keynote to the reply, which is in no sense an independent statement of their own thoughts. 119 117 123 124

For instance, if you were to say to an Ainu, "You are old, are you not?" he would answer "Yes"; but if you asked the same man, "You are not old, are you?" he would equally answer "Yes." Knowingly speaking the truth is not one of their characteristics; indeed, they do not know the difference between falsehood and truth. This is a common failing with all savages as well as with all Orientals; but with the Ainu it is even more accentuated; and when, in addition to this, the difficulty of making them understand exactly what one means is taken into consideration, it is not astonishing that a traveller arrives at a wrong conclusion if the utmost pains be not taken in pursuing one's investigations. 124 114

Of course the Ainu who have come in contact with Japanese know of a God, and some of them, at the instigation of Japanese *bonzes*, have become nominal Buddhists. Benry, at Piratori, showed me a small Buddhist shrine, of Japanese manufacture, which had been put up on a neighbouring hill. All the time I stayed at Piratori I never observed any Ainu worship at it. One day I saw two boys throwing stones at it, but that could hardly be called an act of reverence, even among my hairy friends. 127 127

On my inquiring as to the origin and use of the shrine, I was told by some that it was erected to the God of the Japanese. Benry, who was always "well informed," both in things that he knew and those that he did not know, said that it was built in honour of Yoshitsune, the Japanese personage who, as we have seen, is the hero in semi-Ainu legends, and whose image or spirit, according to travellers' tales, is worshipped by the Ainu.

It always appeared strange to me that the Piratori Ainu had this Japanese hero in their legends, but still more strange that they should make him their deity. Yet what was most singular of all was, that with the exception of Benry and a few

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[178] becoming degenerate owing to alcohol and loss of interest in life, and were declining in numbers.

When in Japan in 1929 my husband, the late Professor C. G. Seligman, F.R.S., met Munro, he was distressed to learn that all Munro's notes on the Ainu, his specimens and photographs, had been lost in the great earthquake of 1923. At the same time, he had suffered severe financial loss and was unable to continue his Ainu studies at his own expense. Seligman was convinced of the value of Munro's accurate observation and of his intimate knowledge of the Ainu people. On his return to England he applied for funds to the Rockefeller Foundation to enable Munro to continue his investigations. Funds were granted in 1930, and Munro immediately had a small house built at Nibutani in the Saru district of Hokkaido, and settled there, with his Japanese wife, to make an intensive study of the Ainu.

• [123] His method of work was to open a clinic—in which he was aided by his wife, a trained hospital nurse—and to give free treatment to all who flocked to him. Having gained the confidence of the Ainu, he kept open house for all who came there to gossip, sing songs, tell legends and talk of past times. He was thus acquainted with a number of elders (*ekashi*), who became his regular informants, and to whom he referred as friends and teachers.

[115] In December 1932 a second misfortune befel Munro. Before dawn one morning his thatched house at Nibutani was burnt down. He and his wife escaped from the flames, and managed to save a tin box in which he kept his Ainu notes, but all his belongings, his books, his photographic and other scientific material, were destroyed. Exposure to the bitter cold of the Hokkaido winter impaired Munro's health, and the disaster left him all but penniless. However, he did not give in.

[122] Seligman applied for further grants. In 1933 the Rockefeller Foundation made another contribution, and grants were made by the Royal Society and the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The Asiatic Society of Japan sent a donation. A small committee for the British Association was formed, and this now comprises Professor Daryll Forde, Lord Raglan, F.S.A., Mr Arthur D. Waley, C.H., C.B.E., F.B.A., with myself as chairman.

Munro's health deteriorated. It is not quite clear in which years he returned to Karuizawa to do a summer season's work at the sanatorium and when he remained throughout the year in Hok-

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773 Kando, his place in the sky. Then, revived and reinforced by the united powers of *ramat* and mugwort, the god vanquished all his enemies.

778 Another effigy made of mugwort resembles a cross in that the two legs are not formed. It is not usually called a *kamui* but *ifunarep*, a searching thing. It can be made anywhere without ceremony and has no curled shavings, but a heart of earth is bound to it with grass. It is used to find lost objects such as a knife dropped in the woods, and is said to be very successful.

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[776] A *shutu inau kamui* of elder wood, similar to Ramat-tak Kamui, is called Ifunara Kamui and is employed in the home with the usual ceremonies to find people lost in the wilds. I have been told of adults and children who were found owing to the guidance given by this *kamui*.

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[278] The group shown in Pl. VIII, fig. 4, was made for me by Rennuikesh at my urgent solicitation. The man is called Penup Tono, Chief Penup and the bird Penup Chikap, Bird Penup. Together they are known as Penup Kamui, a most formidable combination. A kind of swallow-wort (a *cynanchum*) is known as *penup* in the north, where alone, so far as I know, the *kamui* takes this form. Swallow-wort is a powerful drug and has a reputation for intrinsic magical power; here it is called *ikema*. Just after Rennuikesh had made the Penup Kamui for me and I had photographed it, the son of my house servant became very ill from cellulitis of

[791] the neck. A woman medium, who had no doubt heard of what we had been doing, pronounced the sickness due to the indignation of

[755]

Ikema Kamui, and an elder was sent to my house to perform the rite of exorcism. I knew nothing of this until I had operated and the child was recovering. Being afraid that this incident might interfere with my study of Ainu culture I called the elder who, though most friendly to me, was positive that I was partly responsible for the illness. The truth was that Rennuikesh had been so much afraid to use swallow-wort in the making of these figures that I had allowed him to use another root of similar appearance.

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Later, in the house where he was staying, Rennuikesh performed a regular worship for five *pase kamui* with the correct prayers and libations. It is typical of the genuineness of his beliefs and the kindness of his character that he did this for the benefit of his host and his family, but that he did not mention it to me. I heard of it later from his host.

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When I told the officiating elder that swallow-wort had not been used he brightened up and said that the child could recover. He honestly believed that had the *kamui* been summoned for so frivolous a purpose as photography, nothing that I could do would save the boy. This incident turned out happily, for it was the gratitude of the boy's mother which led her to reveal the secret of the women's girdles, to which we shall come later.

Rennuikesh told me that in the north Penup Kamui is seldom made, and then usually as a last resort in the face of approaching pestilence. If the danger is still some distance away the two *kamui* on the hearth are petitioned, and usually six *inau* of elder are set up. These resemble small winged *inau* but have no curled shavings. They are called abnormal (*shinnai*) *inau*. Each set has a chief made of *chikube-ni* at each end, the chiefs being male and female winged *inau*. They correspond to the two *kamui* of the hearth, the male being on the east side and the female on the west.

If these prove unavailing Penup Kamui comes on the scene. Should the epidemic stop short of the village or do little harm the figures are taken to the *ekashi nusa*, thanked, broken up, mixed with millet and the yeasty substance, and left to rot. Pl. VIII, fig. 2, shows Rennuikesh, who had wrapped up Penup Kamui and removed it to a safe distance, performing the last salutation before taking the figures to pieces. The Penup figures are composite; the head and body of the man should be of swallow-wort and the arms, legs and spear of mugwort. The head and body of the bird are also of swallow-wort and the neck, legs, wings and tail of mugwort. Rennuikesh felt no compunction in using mugwort, but to use swallow-wort for the body of a *kamui* without real need was to risk resentment and serious trouble.

In Sakhalin a human image called *nipopo* is carved in wood and is wrapped in an *inau* with body cut short. It is made for wealth, good luck and the protection of babies, and, lest its powers fail, it is kept in a box and shown to nobody.

What little I can say of the cult of natural objects may find a place here. A mountain or hill near a village usually received libations of beer with prayer at festivals. Some hills have specially sacred associations, and so have certain narrow valleys. Though the legends concerning them present them as abodes of spirits or fabulous beings rather than as reservoirs of *ramat*, one cannot assert that sacred mountains are merely backgrounds for

XII

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

by B. Z. Seligman

THIS CHAPTER is compiled from various sources. In it I have brought together information contained in letters written by Munro to C. G. Seligman and references to social organization scattered in different parts of Munro's original typescript, as well as some notes he wrote on the sacred girdles (*kut*) for a chapter in this book. Notes he made for various articles, both published and unpublished, are also included. I have added information given in the English summaries of articles in the *Japanese Journal of Ethnology* for 1951, and further information from these translated for me by Mr Watanabe, in answer to enquiries. 128
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Early in 1934 Munro wrote saying he had discovered the existence of the women's secret girdles and their importance in the regulation of marriage as well as their magical power.¹ Because of his success in treating serious illness, he gained the confidence of Ainu women, two of whom (Pl. XXVII) overcame their extreme diffidence in mentioning the subject and gave him much valuable information. He found out that every woman wears a belt of 292
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[582]
[123] •

¹ While investigating this subject Munro was obliged to exercise extreme caution, as any misfortune, from a toothache to a fatality, was attributed to infringement of the injunction to secrecy. While he was able to dispose of the former easily, the latter—the death of a child suffering from an incurable malady which he was treating—caused him considerable anxiety, and he was only able to overcome this difficulty with great tact and patience. [688]

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● [123] are animal deities. As it was only possible for Munro to obtain information from a few women who trusted him and his wife, the number of *kut* groups existing remains obscure. Nor is there any information indicating whether one deity was associated with more than one group.

Munro was told that Kamui Fuchi instructed A-e-oina Kamui, who in turn taught the Ainu, how to make the *upshoro-kut*, and that she also laid down all the regulations associated with them in the sacred traditions. In other accounts Kamui Fuchi is said to have given instructions to various female *kamui* who assumed animal form. It will be seen below (p. 147) that some of these regulations are not relevant to matrilineal exogamy, though Munro's informants insisted that they were taboos of the *kut*. Some women believed that their girdles were given directly by Kamui Fuchi, others maintained that they proved their descent from a particular animal deity. Two informants stated that no woman should approach the hearth unless she were wearing her [825] *kut*. No woman should go near the caged sacred bear cub without it; if she did, the bear would show his disapproval by his hostile [841] demeanour. The caged bear would also show his disapproval if a [791] woman in a state of impurity—menstruation—were to come near [688] him. In such cases a *tusu* would be consulted, and if the woman were found guilty she would be punished.

126 With great precautions for secrecy, Munro persuaded his women [123] informants to make five different kinds of *kut* for him. These were woven from bast, which somewhat mitigated the impropriety of [292] the task performed for a man and a foreigner. They were sent to [789] Seligman, and have been deposited in the British Museum (Pl. XXVIII, figs. 1 and 2).

292 When Munro broached the subject with *ekashi*, with whom he [789] was intimate, he was told that although they knew of the existence of the *kut* they had never seen one, and they affirmed the strictness [582] of the rule of *kut* exogamy. Old women arrange marriages or investigate the *kut* inheritance of a prospective couple in order that [887] the exogamy ruling should not be transgressed.

114 These facts led Munro to postulate totemism with matrilineal [614] clans. In numerous letters he treated the matter as an hypothesis and related how he was searching for further evidence, both in [174] existing custom and in ancient tradition. However, in his typescript for this book, and in an article he published in *Man*, No.

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173 by the meat as an entrance into the trap, the second was used as com-
223 munication with the adjacent tent, where a man lay in hiding. For
this man a second hut was dug in a row with the finished one and care-
fully covered with clay and grass. As is well known, eaglehunting
[257] was formerly practiced on Sakhalin with predilection, since the tail-
feathers of these birds of prey were very fashionable as ornaments for
arrows. In consequence, there were all kinds of tales about eagle-
hunting and especially about the digging of the earth caves that were
used for lying in wait for the prey.

342 The Ainu never built their clay huts in the old hollows of the
[829] Tonchi though they did not shun their neighborhood. They considered
the Tonchi an alien people whose relics they did not feel bound to
[764] honor. Not so the relics of their own tribe. It happened quite often
[764] that an Ainu family did not bury the body of a member but left it ly-
ing in the yurt which was soon abandoned. But even when the dead
was buried in the cemetery, the Ainu shunned the hut in which death
had overtaken him and even were afraid of staying in the neighbor-
hood of such a hut. This is the reason why in the neighborhood of
Tonchi caves traces of Ainu dwellings are often found.

173 My questions about the Tonchi were often parried evasively and
• 123 at that very reluctantly--or I was just told lies. Thus loquacious old
Ainu men, after I had loosened their tongues by some introductory
questions, told me that they had heard from their fathers about the
Tonchi but had forgotten it again; that the Tonchi had strongly re-
sembled the Ainu but had disappeared somewhere and nobody knew
what had become of them; that the Tonchi had used stone tools, had
lived in clay huts, but had been afraid of the Ainu and fled some-
where from them; that the Tonchi had liked to peep out of their clay
huts and watch the Ainu, but the moment the latter had come closer
had gone into their hiding-places where they could not be found at
all. Finally two or three Ainu declared briefly that there had never
been any Tonchi and that this region had always been inhabited by
the Ainu.

In April 1904, that is after a two-year stay among the Ainu,
when I was already on friendly terms with them, one of my closer

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173 friends, a young Ainu from Taraika who owed much to me, told me
 • 123 frankly the true reason for the reticence of the Ainu regarding the
 Tonchi. These actually had inhabited Sakhalin before the arrival of
 [648] the Ainu. But the Ainu tried very hard to pass over this fact in silence
 or even to deny it, because they were afraid that the Russians might
 rob them of the country and expel them from the island so dear to
 them once they had learned that they were immigrants and not au-
 tochthons. Thus old Ainu stubbornly withheld any information about
 their predecessors and forbade all clansmen to talk about the Tonchi
 at all and about the fact that the Ainu tribe did not constitute the
 original population of the country but had once immigrated from
 Hokkaido (Yezo) to Sakhalin. This information was confirmed to me
 by an old Ainu from the village of Nayero who was highly esteemed
 by all the inhabitants of the eastern shore including the Gilyak and
 Orok. He confessed to having deliberately misled me earlier. Yet
 after he became convinced that I was well inclined towards the Ainu
 he could tell the truth since he knew that I would not abuse it to the
 detriment of his people.

175 I have never received any detailed information when this pro-
 648 hibition among the Ainu took place, but I can understand it well. I
 relate it to the times of the advance of the first Russians on the island.
 Captain Newelski and his comrades took great pains to prove that the
 Japanese had no rights on the Island of Sakhalin since they had not
 been there long enough. Much earlier "Russian subjects," i.e. Orok,
 had shown up there who were mistakenly called Tungus by the new
 conquerors and were considered emigrants from the environments of
 Udsk in the Russian Empire. This political slant "which confirms the
 indisputable right of Russia to dominate the territory of the Island of
 Sakhalin" and finds its expression in thoroughly childish ethnographic
 fairy-tales (1) /327/ and which probably also played its part in the

114
 [113]

1. See Newelski: Podwigi russkich
 morskich oficerov (The Feats of Russian
 Navy Officers). Petersburg, 1878,
 p. 304 and 305. This book contains

A. [For an explanation of this prohibition, see
 ^ pp. 4-5--Analyst]